THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1887.

AT HER OWN FUNERAL

COLONY OF NEW YORK.

ely Orthodox Com Rigidly Adhere to Their Old World Traditions—A Renounced Daughter Buried as One Who is Dead—Rosher Food.

Did you ever hear of a funeral without a corpse? Yet such a contradiction is not unknown in one of the out-of-theway corners of New York. The people who are responsible for unsubstantial funerals of this sort are the orthodox Hebrews who live in the streets that lie close to East Broadway-once the shopping and residence street of the Quaker section of the town, but long ago abandoned to tenements and tiny cellar stores. These orthodox Hebrews are as strange and enteresting to the Hebrews we meet every day as they are to the Christians. They endeavor, as nearly as possible, to inforce the ancient laws of Moses and the prophets strictly to the letter, and do not allow Western civilization or modern life

to affect them any more than they can help. They are most deserving people, for they owe their habits to that persecution of which we hear such harrowing reports now and then from Europe. They come from Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and

those other microscopic nations of Southeastern Europe, where for centuries they had been kept apart from the governing classes, and forced to look upon their ancient faith as the only encouragement left to them in life.

> heard of, wherein there was an empty coffin at one of their fu-

nerals. You will notice that it is a love story. Love usually is found to be at the bottom of such a funeral as that. A ROMANCE.

The comely daughter of a prosperous but zealous old Polander in this strange colony used frequently to pass a certain corner grocery where a flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked German youth attended the counter inside and the baskets on the sidewalk. He played the part of Romeo, and made her his Juliet, by falling into forbidden love with her, little dreaming that it was forbidden, or that, like Romeo, he was performing a tragic drama. He began by making eyes at her, then he grew to bowing to her, then he nicked out the rosiest apples to toss to her, and finally he met ber in the evenings and decked her with an honest youth's affection. She was the wrongdoer, poor girl! for she must have known that among her people the ancient faith that forbids intermarriage with unbelievers was the unpardonable sin. But she loved her grocer-boy, and when a woman loves even ancient faiths are sometimes impolitely treated.

When the young man proposed marriage she made up her mind that, as he parents would never give her permission to wed with nim, sne must do the next thing to getting the permission, so she got married first and went home and pleaded her case afterward. The result was heart-rending. Her stern old father thrust her from his door, and her mother turned her back on her, first burying her face in her apron, however, as even stern face in her apron, however, as even stern mothers must. She was told that she was as one who had died, and that she could no more hope to hold communion with her people after that than if she was in her grave. This tragic sentiment was practically enforced by the purchase of a coffin and the assembling of all the friends and relatives of the household, who gather around the empty cashes and who gather around the empty casket and mourned as for the loss of a maiden.

AT HER OWN PUNERAL.

And yet the girl herself was alive and well and only a few blocks away. On the next day the hearse drove up, and the coffin, bearing her name and age and deathday, was carried out of the house, with the rabbi leading the way, while the girl who seemed thus about to be buried crouched in a distant doorway, looking on and weeping as if her very soul were shaken. But as she watched she saw something that made her heart stand still for joy.

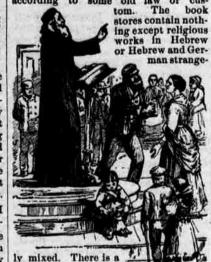


mourned as lost, and yet had come to life again.

Very curious customs, besides this, are perpetuated by the strictest among this primitive people. For instance, if that funeral ceremony had been fully carried out a lamp would have been lighted at the supposed time of the death, and day and night for a whole year its flame would have been kept alive with constant contributions of oil, for whether there is a superstition that the light fillumines the pathway of the deceased person to glory, or whatever the idea is, it is considered most unlucky for the light to die out or be extinguished.

DEUTEBONOMY AND LEVITICUS. QUEER CUSTOMS IN THE HEBREW

DEUTERONOMY AND LEVITICUS. Many are the odd and interesting things revealed during a few hours spent in this quaint part of the town. The laws of "Deuteronomy" and of "Leviti-cus" are the guiding rules of these people in their daily lives, as well as their religion. The rabbis are at once justices of the peace, priests and school-teachers. They sit all day in their caps and robes, and their people go to them for every conceivable thing: to make and seal bargains, to get married, to have their children circumcised, to sue one another for other to lea their constant before a numdren circumcised, to sue one another for debts, to lay their quarrels before an umpire, to have their children admonished when they are unruly, to have their letters read and other letters written, to hear divine service, and to get advice when they need it. These rabbis, and in fact all the men, wear their beards as nature grows them, and only trim their hair when it falls below their collars. The rabbis speak in a mixture of Hebrew and rabbis speak in a mixture of Hebrew and Russian, or Hebrew and some other tongue. The married women wear wigs, having shaved their heads at marriage, according to some old law or custom. The book



ly mixed. There is a suspicion that these people live so thoroughly apart from the world that they shield any law-breakers who (and it is very rarely the case) are found among them; but if they do protect them, it is only that the rabbis may sit in judgment over them, and punish them with heavy fines

CHEWETH THE CUD AND PARTETH THE HOOF.

In one respect some of the most sensible folks in the metropolis copy these simple-minded and zealous Hebrews, and it would be better if every one did; that is in regard to their eating. They strictly follow the rule laid down by Moses: Whatsoever cheweth the cud and parteth the hoof, that shall ye eat." The law mentions among forbidden flesh the meat of the horses, camels, rabbits, pigs, all fish or sea creatures that have not fins and scales, and all birds of prey. These orthodox Hebrews are, after all, not so very much more strict than their more liberal brethren. Both sects maintain at least a score of slaughter-houses in and close to New York, and very admirable institutions they are. You see in them none of the ropes and derricks and brutal weapons that distinguish the abbatoirs of the Christian. The orthodox Hebrew butcher is a scholar, and does his work in a scientific and dignified manner, with much wisdom, and in the full regalia of an officer of the church. He is called a "schochet," and he must have been regu-larly schooled and trained, with a knowllarly schooled and trained, with a knowledge of surgery and anatomy, and a deep reverence for and acquaintance with the Mosaic laws regarding "Kosher" and "teripha," or fit and unfit food.

DEALS DEATH IN HIS ROBE. He dons his official robes, and entering the slaughter-room, finds the animals that are to be slain all lying on their ides, each with its limbs tied together. He takes from its place a wonderful knife, so long and thin that it bends of its own weight, and so sharp that a razor would seem dull beside it. It is the duty of the rabbi to examine the knives of a schochet every now and then, and if one is found to be rusty or nicked it is broken and thrown away, and the scholarly butcher is severely reprimanded. The knife must be absolutely perfect. The schoches bends back the head of the cow or calf he is back the head of the cow or cair he is about to kill and makes two deep cuts in the animal's throat, one across and one straight down the windpipe. The blood gushes forth and continues to flow until the veins are nearly empty. This is the object aimed at—to rid all meat of blood. It is not for



the best and fattest animals are slaugh tered, and that after the slaughter the schochet carefully examines the vital organs, and if there is the least sign of disease about them he throws the measaway. But these queer people down near East Broadway have a different idea. They hold blood to be sacred, and will not eat or touch it. It is to them the symbol of life. I once saw the burial of a body of one of these zealots. He had been foully murdered and found dead in bed. Everything his blood had touched was buried with him—pieces of the mattress, pieces of the carpet off the floor, a bit of one of the floor boards that was stained, his night clothes and bed clothes. His body and some of the things went into one coffin, and the other things into another. I came upon the scene after the inquest in the stone-floored court-yard of the morgue. A dozen gray-bearded elders stood in a circle around the coffin, and one—evidently a rabbi, though in citizen's dress—kneeled on the stones beside the coffin and spoke to the dead. He rapped on the coffin lid as if he was knocking on a door. Then he called the dead man by name.

"Give yourself no unassiness," he said; we will fail your murderer. Do not go to the the gray of the stones of the said; we will fail your murderer.

SENATORS' MAILS.

HOW THE SOLONS RECEIVE AND

ators as Correspondents—Their Attitude in Epistalory Labor and the Style of Their Hand-writing—Typical Anecdotes.

WASHINGTON, April 11-.In the Senate postoffice, which occupies a little corner in the large vestibule at the entrance to the first floor of the Senate wing, every senator has a large box for his mail. One who would look into one of these boxes every day will see a pile of letters and newspapers that would astonish him.

A senator of the United States receives, perhaps, next to the President, the largest personal mall of any person in Washington. They get letters of all sorts and kinds-letters from constituents asking them to run around and find out the most trivial matter. One of them once received a letter from a man in his State asking him to sell a load of hay for him; again, people write to them and ask them to get them appointments, or find what vacancies exist in certain departments. Some letters contain all sorts of questions to be answered in regard to legislation, bills pending before the House, bills likely to come up, or bills they wish to introduce. Other letters contain clippings from newspapers relating to the doings in and out of Congress by a senator, and asking that person to reply if this and that is true. A large majority of the letters, however, are begging ones. Men and women who have nothing else to do write to senators asking them for aid. One senator not long since received a letter from a stranded actor asking for an overcoat and a hat. The millionaire senators get letters, the majority asking for money.

The private secretary of a certain senator once said to me that there was a class of men who made it their living to write letters to senators asking for a contribution to a charity, or for money for himself and family. He said this plan was followed by a number of traveling men. These men would go to a certain town and to a hotel, get a large amount of writing paper, and spend the day in the hotel writing-room writing letters to every senator, and, indeed prominent men were included also, asking them for a small contribution-anything from a dollar up. They would tell a pitiful story of want and privation, and ask for an immediate reply. They would wait in this town for a week, and by that time they would get quite a number of answers-for senators are charitable to a certain extent. Generally the men made enough from the answers to pay their board-bill for that week and leave enough to buy postage-stamps, and pay fare to the next town. There again they would start over the same list of names, using a different style of hand-

writing and tell a different story. The private secretary said he had kept complete file of these letters, and by comparing them could prove they were all written by the same man and that he had made a comfortable living out of it. Of course the senator is now up to these tricks, and the men will have to give up the trade or starve.

A great many senators never see their letters, for they are answered by their secretaries; but there are others who take great delight in reading their mail and answering the letters personally.

It is quite a curious sight to sit in the It is quite a curious sight to sit in the attempt to run. He threw down his ax, press gallery during the sessions of the folded his arms, and with a smile play-Senate and watch how the different sena-ing about his features gazed steadily at tors write. They are generally quite the falling tree as it bore swiftly down tors write. They are generally quite busy in the morning using their pens, and one can study the different styles of writing by watching them.

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, writes like an actor on the stage. He places the paper before him carelessly; grabs a pen, and by a quick movement will run it across the paper just like you have seen an actor on the stage write a most import-ant letter. Senator Pugh, of Alabama, is quite the reverse; he writes slowly and in jerks. He writes three or four words, in jerks. He writes three or four words, then lifts his hand, looks at it and writes three or four more. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, leans far over his desk. He writes slowly, and in one hand holds the end of his paper, while the pen is moved along by the other. Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, holds his pen perpendicularly. He puts his hands close together and writes in rather a cramped style. Old Joe Brown, of Georgia, takes great pains to seat himself comfortably. great pains to seat himself comfortably squares himself at his deak, spreads one squares himself at his deak, spreads one hand over his book or paper, takes up a pen deliberately, and writes rapidly. Mitchell, of Oregon, who is one of the most continuous writers in the Senate—and you can see him almost any time in the day scratching away—is very precise. He sits quietly at his desk, has a sheet of paper before him leid execulty and that sits quietly at his desk, has a sheet of pa-per before him, laid carefully and just so, holds his pen naturally and writes with slow, undulating movement. Senator Fair, of Nevada, who, by the way, looks like a typical fininer, minus the red shirt and bowie knives, writes fast. He holds one hand daintily up above the paper as if to mark time with the words that fall from the pen. Senator Teller of Color one hand daintily up above the paper as if to mark time with the words that fall from the pen. Senator Teller, of Colorado, holds a pen betwen the second and third fingers with a decided slant. He grasps the paper first by both hands and then lets go with one to take the pen, and writes rapidly. Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, like Pugh, writes leisurely and in a jerky fashion, the pen moving slowly up and down. Senator Gray, of Delaware, who is the handsomest man in the Senate, writes moderately fast. His pen never leaves the paper, but glides along in one continuous movement. John Sherman, of Ohio, always writes with a steel pen. His penmanship is done carefully, but fast, and his pen, like Gray's, runs along the paper. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, holds the pen between the index and second fingers, and grasps it above the middle of the holder. He writes fast with the words close together. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, spreads himself—that is, what little there is of him—over his desk and writes like a business man. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, the oldest senator, always uses a quill pen. He holds it near to the end and his left hand follows closely his pen as it moves along over the paper. Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, grasps his pen firmly and writes rapidly. He always reads over what he has written after having finished a sentence or two. Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, sends his pen flying across the paper, dips it frequently in the ink-well, and often seems

left hand follows the pen. Fat Sena-left hand follows the pen. Fat Sena-Sawyer, from Wisconsin, grasps his as he would an ax about to fell a le Writes a large hand. Cockrell, fiscouri, holds his penhelder close to pen. He writes rapidly, and his lines

quitt, of Georgia, uses a gold pen, writes slowly, and is very particular about dotting his i's and crossing his t's. He does this almost as soon as he writes them. Senator Payne, of Ohio, likewise uses a gold pen. He writes nervously, slowly and a very small hand, which is cramped, and at times badly written. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, writes mediumly fast; while Allison, of Iowa, uses, like Senator Morrill, a quill pen, and he makes it fairly fly scross the paper. Senator Wilson, of Maryland, writes slowly, a small hand, but quite plain. Senator Edmunds writes quite fast, but a very bad hand to read. Senator Ingalls, from Kansas, now President of the Senate, puts on his glasses, looks to see if there is a fly speck on his paper, grasps his pen, and makes it move across the paper like a plowshare.

Thus it will be seen that there is a great variety of penmen in the Senate Chamber, and perhaps it is well for the correspondents of many that the private secretaries write the letters for the Senators.

John O. Shriver.

JOHN O. SHRIVER.

A FAST OF 105 DAYS. The Strange Case of Miss Mary Baker, of

Monon, Indiana. The case of Miss Mary Baker, of Monon, White county, Indiana, who fasted for 105 days is exciting widespread atten-

Miss Baker is eighteen years old, a brunette with fair features. She is of German parentage, but speaks both English and German fluently. Her weight previous to fasting was 138 pounds.

Dr. Clayton, of Monon, the family physician, who has watched the case closely, says that Miss Baker enjoyed good health prior to January, 1886. She has from birth suffered from a pain in the left side, and has always been a light eater, frequently finishing her meals before other members of the family fairly commenced.

Miss Baker was treated for nervous troubles at different times until last Octo-

ber, when she succeeded in taking in one hour several doses of valerian, which had been prescribed. The patient sank into a sleep which lasted five days. On awakening she was given a quantity of water, which was at once ejected, and and thereafter for 100 days the patient could retain neither food nor water on the stomach, and did not ex-perience a sense of hunger, the smell of food even being offensive. All the senses were very acute. She could tell the time from a clock in a darkened room which the attendants could not see at all. of the attendants, a widower forty years old, is said to have been very devoted to Miss Baker prior to the fast, and during the long period he scarcely left her side a

A spasm was produced every time the stove-door was opened, during which the pain in patient's left side increased, and was only releived by the pressure of hands. Since the 105-day speriod Miss Baker has eaten small quantities of food and suffered occasional relapses. Emaciation is most perceptible about the waist and hips. Until two weeks ago she could not speak above a whisper.

Dr. Clayton says the fast was undoubted by the could be a supported by the could

edly caused by nervous prostration and a foreign growth in the stomach. The fast is one of the most remarkable ever re-

A CONVICT'S SUICIDE.

Deliberately Getting Under a Falling Tree A strange story of a convict's suicide comes from Coahoma county, Miss. A gang of convicts were clearing land on Fisher and Yerger's plantation, some distance back of Friar's Point. They had just chopped a large tree until its stately head was tottering in the air, and the woodland giant commenced to fall, when the word was given to run. The convicts and guards all retreated but one, a negro named Mose Smith, sent up for six months before from Panola county to serve a ten-years' sentence. Smith was on the side toward which the tree was falling and made no directly on him. The guards and other convicts shouted at the doomed man, but he heeded them not. The towering mass of wood reached the ground, there was a crash of broken boughs, and all was still except the echoes, which reverberated through the forest. The immense weight of the tree crushed Smith's body out of all shape, and when the tree was rolled away only a flattened pile of blood-stained clothing, flesh and bones re-mained of the ten-year man.

QUID EST DEMONSTRANDUM.

BY C. T. WHITTAKER

His speech was brisk, his face aflame, his eyes emit a lurid glint; Vesuvius com-pared were tame, his words would hardly do to print.

Ab ha!" he to the grocer said, "Affairs are in a pretty state; I ask for tea, get herbe Your very salt's adulterate That cask of sugar, too, is from an antiquated brand; all doctored with your devilment, the bulk of it is made of

He paused for very lack of strength. grocer, unctuously and sweet, said to this billious chap at length: "There—easy now—pray have a seat.

You are a most exacting man, it's very evident to me; I try to please you as I can, but can't put emeralds in tea. And chicory's the very best, which I with coffee can combine; unless, perhaps, you would suggest gold dust, or something in

"Glucose in the molasses cask I must admit to swell its girth, unless it's honey you would ask, so that you would get your money's

worth. As to the sugar and the sand—that sir's a chestnut, stale and flat. You must dis-tinctly understand I don't mix diamonds

Don't kick up such a great ado. Reduce your wrath to normal size; think of the petition, too; somebody must econo-

Enough, enough; my doubt is cured." The customer begged leave to state, then went and got his life insured and dived in through a sewer grate.

A Phantom Army in Hungary.

In Vidovec, a Hungarian village near Warasdin, the belief of an approaching war has seized hold of the entire population. A spleadid Fata Morgana was observed during three consecutive days on the wide plains around the village. Enormous divisions of infantry, with scarlet cape, could be distinctly seen moving in the plains and performing exercises to the words of command of a colossal chief, whose sword was seen flashing in the air. The phenomenon lasted several hours, and finally the soldiers disappeared in midair. The people stocod awestruck in great crowds and observed every movement of the phantom soldiers with breathless attention. Two gendarmes afterward went in the direction of the scene of action to see if any traces could be found, but of course in vain. The phenomenon is helieved to have been a reflection of some infantry division manceuvring at some miles distance.

WHITE HOUSE BLOOMS

CLEVELAND AMONG HER FLORAL TREASURES.

Floriculture in the Grounds of the Pres dential Mansion-The Favorite Flower of the Young Wife-Improvements in the Conservatory-Scenes at Pretty Prospect.

WASHINGTON, April 11-. As the spring

advances Mrs. Cleveland begins to take

a more active interest in the landscape gardening in the grounds surrounding the mansion, greatly to the delight of the gardener, who is never so proud as when some effort of his in this line has received the approval of the President's young wife. It is not an unusual sight on fine afternoons to see the President and Mrs. Cleveland strolling through the grounds south of the mansion. Now and then Mrs. Cleveland lays a detaining hand upon her husband's arm as she stops for a few moments to gaze at the two great circular beds on the large lawn, around the edges of which a gay border of yellow and purple crocuses is now in full blossom. The enclosure within the openwork iron railing on the other side of the broad gravel walk is now beginning gradually to give promise of that world of odorous bloom in which it will soon be at its height when the myriads of hyacinths will have attained their perfection. Few persons, to look at the President, would imagine that under his serious, unpoetic exterior there lurks a world of tenderness and sentiment. His wife's ardent love of flowers was well known to the President before their marriage, and he contrived for her a pretty compliment as far back as last spring in the laying out of the large heart-shaped beds on the south front of the house. The flower preeminently a favorite with Mrs. Cleveland is the pansy, for which she has from early childhood shown a marked preference. It was a happy thought that upon the arrival of the young bride at the White House she should be greeted by the pretty sight of these heart-shaped flower-beds, a mass of blooming pansies of every hue and color known to the horticulturists' art. The gardener, aware of her preference for pansies, always contrives to have them blooming through each successive season, and, though the flower-beds are planted appropriately with such blooms as follow each other in due order from the first crocus of early spring to the the spicy chrysanthemum of late autumn, one can always be sure of finding in some favored nook a cluster of pansies with their upturned faces basking in the sunlight. It will be re-membered that upon the occasion of Mrs. Cleveland's marriage she received from different friends no less than five pansy-

pins, and later on her birthday in July this number received several additions. Indoors she has a dainty fashion of not only always wearing flowers but of sur-rounding herself with them in her room, and not infrequently, while sauntering through the upper corridor, is called upon to give a casting vote in the arrangement of the palms and plants with which it is always ornamented. The practice of carrying large bunches of flowers at the House has never been adopted by Mrs. Cleveland, even when the ladies of the cabinet standing in line with her carried the conventional bouquet. In the earlier portion of the season it was remarked by every one that a welcome reform in the matter of overloading the corsage with flowers had been instituted by the first lady of the land, who wore always a single perfect rose, fastened with careless grace in the lace of her corsage. This, of course inaugurated the fashion which has since become so popular. As the searn advanced the rose was abandaned for uster of lilies by the perfection of its blossoms, that the very choicest bloom shall be sent to Mrs. Cleveland, that she may enjoy it first in

all its newness and rarity.

By far the most charming spot in the White House is the little apartment leading out of the President's room, used by him in his bachelor days as a sort of private office but now Mrs Cleveland's private sanctum, the one corner of the mansion exclusively her own. In accordance with her wishes this room remained just as it was until after the return from the wedding trip, from which time, to their departure to the Adirondacks, she planned alterations and improvements, her wishes being carried into execution during their several weeks spent in roughing it in the mountains. Now, though simple enough, far too simple for the President's wife many would think, this little room is one of the prettiest places imaginable, evincing on every side the dainty taste of its occupant. The walls are of a beautiful soft pink, while the deep freize is an artistic mingling of pale blue and olive tints. The carpet is pale blue and olive tints. The carpet is a blue ground on which, in delicate tracery, is a graceful pattern in pink and olive. Over the lace curtains at the windows hang portieres of twisted silk in which the three colors of the room are intermingled. The woodwork of the chamber set is of cherry, but all about on mantel, table, on the walls and about the room are various elegant bries, here room are various elegant bric-a-brac, pictures, easels, screens, hanging bronzes and bits of statuary, presents received by Mrs. Cleveland at the time of her marriage. Enter the room when one will he will lalways find a profusion of flowers about, and always a cluster of ansies, a lovely little vase on ng table generally standing full of these dowers. In the north window is a large plant of Easter lilies in full bloom, but at the west window, when the afternoon sunlight streams into the apartment, it falls upon a wealth of roses and pansies, resplendant in richest hues of velvety The alterations made last autumn in the

The alterations made last autumn in the White House conservatory were comparatively slight, only affecting some necessary repairs to the roof, the relaying of the floor and introduction of new steam pipes. It is noticeable that fewer orchids are cultivated in the conservatory now than during the regime of Miss Cleveland, who took a great interest in these curious plants. One noticeable change which has elicited much conjecture as to the raison d'etre is the removal of the picturesque little grotto formerly near the turesque little grotto formerly near the window opening out from the dining-room. In this little corner, where ferns of every variety attained perfection overof every variety attained perfection over-shadowed by a tropical growth of palms during the last administration, was a famous filitation corner, much affected on occasions of state receptions. The grounds of Oak View, though from their exposed position not 'at present a propitious place for vegetation to attain to great luxuriance, will soon be laid out in flower beds, 'at the front and sides of the house, while quite a large space is to be devoted to a kitchen garden. At the rear of the building a large chicken house has recently been erected and the space

surrounding it fenced off for the fowls
It is the President's intention as soon as
the weather becomes sufficiently warm
to render the change advisable, to move
out to Oak View.'

Mrs. Cleveland is planning numerous
changes in the place, anticipating with
pleasure the time when she can see the
barren-looking grounds blossom into
beauty and have the exterior no less than
the interior of the bouse sweet with the interior of the flowers.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fresh Chit-Chat Compiled from the News-papers of Europe.

The most ancient and picturesque of all the once militant orders of chivalry, the Sov-ereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem, has of late shown renewed signs of life. In 1879 the historic dignity of grand master, which had been in abeyance since 1805, was revived; and now the Knights of Malta have just elected a successor to that once powerful office. The new grand master is Fra Guido. Count Lichnowsky, who has recently died. Fra Guido has, since 1878, been the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Vienna; for, being a sover eign order, the knights have the privilege of appointing ambassadors. Founded in 1048 at Jerusalem, it was erected in 1118 into a religious order of chivalry. In 1309 its mem-bers became Knights of Rhodes, and since 1530 they have been Knights of Malta. The order is reputed to be very rich. The salary of the grand master is believed to be about £1,000 a year, and he occupies the palace of he order at Vienna. Membership is ex tremely difficult to obtain, and an essential qualification is the possession of a very large number of heraldic quarterings. Of late years the knights have been chiefly distinguished by their laudable efforts to diminish the horrors of war by providing succor for the wounded.

It is a painful fact, as has been often pointed out, that veritable centenarians are as a rule inveterate smokers. A striking case in point is that of a woman, by name "Polly Prince," an inmate of the Fir Vale Workhouse, near Sheffield, whose 100th hirthday was celebrated with much festivity in that establishment, when Mrs. Prince and the other inmates of her ward were provided with a "tea," including cakes and other luxuries. The heroine of the evening received several presents which she highly appreciated; but what she prized most was a quantity of tobacco that was given to her in honor of the occasion. She also received three new pipes, one of which she smoked after tea, but expressed a preference for the old "cutty," or short black pipe, to which she is accustomed. She was born at Paisley, near Glasgow, to which city she removed when young. At that time the Ninety-lifth Rifles were stationed there, and one of the privates-George Prince-married her. She accompanied the regiment to the French war and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He died about forty years ago. They had eleven children, only one of whom survives. Mrs. Prince continued to earn her own living by washing until she was ninety

One might imagine that the wheel of time sturning backward on reading the following story which appears in a German paper: A landed proprietor, Baron de Gostovsky, iving at Saboucz, near Danzig, made the request that at his death his head should be cut off before his interment, a service which he said he had performed on the body of his wile after her death. "We are a family of vampires," he added, "and if this precaution be not taken we can find no repose in the grave, but come back and bring misfortune o our children." The eldest son faithfully juililled the father's request, but notwith standing this he fell ill a few days after the tuneral. Then he went to the cemetery caused the grave to be opened, turned the body over, and threw the head into a wood near by. Only the slight punishment of a tortnight's imprisonment, imposed upon the perpetrator of the outrage, was given, on account of the statement of numerous witnesses, all of whom testified that the profanation of the sepulchre had its reason solely in the firmly rooted superstitions Lithuanian county districts.

A Naples paper contains the following interesting story about the recent earthquakes in France and Italy; "At Ceriano a poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was buried under the ruins of his cottage a little way out of the town. As he usually set off on his rounds before four A. M., every one believed he was safe; but he, too, had celebrated the end of carnival by taking a little wine, and had slept late. His large dog, which used to drag the milk cart up the mountain roads, smelt out his master and began to scratch away the rubbish until he laid his master's head bare, which was covered with wounds Then the dog began to lick the wounds, but, finding that the bleeding continued, he ran off and seized by the coat the first individual he met, who, thinking the dog was mad, got loose and ran away. But a second person guessing what the animal wanted, followed him, and consequently the poor milkman was released. The Minister Genala paid him a visit, and found him with his head bound ler a tent, with the faithful dog lying

peside him." There is, it would seem, still some interesting anthropological discoveries to be made in Europe by an enterprising Gulliver. Pro-fessor-Marazta has found in a Pyrenean valley a race of little people none of whom are more than four feet high, and who are known among their neighbors as Nanos. Judged by by the gendarmes, and disappeared in the thickets which abound in the island. When nearly brought to bay by his pursuers two shots were heard, and he fell dead at their feet. It is supposed that he was killed by the brother of Lovichi, who was resolved to have revenge in true Corsican fashion.

The postoffice in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter boxes are worshiped. In one case a man posted his letter in the box and shouted out its destination to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be in-side. Another native humbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after posting ais letter, and finally put some coppers be ore the box as a propitiatory offering, retir-ng in the same attitude of humility.

LORE VS. LOVE. BY CHARLES KENT. Time, patience, thought, give all If you love. Of slights, smiles, frowns, don't pall, If you love. Each thoughtless cut you bear, From your love Will so much fondness tear, From your love. When time and wasted tears On your love Bring no return but jeers, On your love-Pack up, and cease to sue She will not say "adieu
To your love.

SHOPPING MANIA.

EAGER CROWDS SCRAMBLING INTO THE MARTS OF FASHIOR

Eager Rush—Pictorial Models of Rhaps Which Invite Vain Imitation—A Build Spot Displayed for Conscionce Sales.

New York, April 12.—Shopping at just this time in New York converts the mildest of women into the wildest of semi-maniacs. Have you ever seen a jam in a big New York store? scramble for choice seats at a circus is nothing compared with the rush for a bargain counter. Yesterday afternoon I felt my feet lifted off the ground, and found myself floating on a rushing, noisy stream into one of the big doors, as helpless to keep control of my own movements as my mamma did when she fell into the hands of a Russian naval officer at a ball in Duke Alexis' days, and was thrown all around a big hall for fifteen minutes, and flung on a chair to rest until she came

to. What followed when I touched bottom, and once again was free to walk inside the store, you would scarcely believe. A surging multitude of women —every woman for herself, and the dickens take the hindmost—were swinging along the passage-way, with mouths eet, eyes fixed, elbows spread and fists clenched, ready to walk over, push aside, squeeze past or flatten out of shape any other woman independent enough to my to secure the humblest rights or privi-

New York women of fashion have a New 10rk women of lastical spring novelty in materials that come with parasol and fan made up of the same stuff, in the box with the dress same stuff, in the box with the dress goods, and tempting outfits they are. For many years it has been considered bad style abroad to wear rich silks on the streets. By degrees that theory has obtained foothold here, until with this season it seems as though all stylish wo-men had adopted stuff goods for outdoor wear, and would further follow the English fashion of contining their promenade costumes during the summer to "print frocks," as the British call 'em. With the gingham and percale dresses come the parasols and fans, and a wasp-waisted, high-colored creature depicted waisted, high-colored creature depicted on a card to show you show you will look when made up. No matter how old auntie is, she gazes entranced at that fashion-plate. Buy that gown and look like that? To be sure she will. Unconsciously, she pouts her wheezy old mouth at the dab of pink paint that represents the impossible lips of the miss in the picture. She sucks up her diaphragm in a despairing hope that something like that waistband may be attained. And she points to the toe of her five and a half B shoe, as she views a very fly-speck of an Oxford-tie protruding from the flamer in front. It's too much to hope. But into the store plunges auntie, and buys the seductive suit. These manufacturers know their business. Parasol, facturers know their business. Parasol, fan, buttons and picture thrown in make the costume irresistible. Women of New York would laugh to

go into a "general country store" and hear Miss Deacon Comstock haggle with a freckled-faced clerk over a piece of calico. He is called off for a quart of molasses and a bag of buckshot. He calico. He is called off for a quart of molasses and a bag of buckshot. He comes back polishing his person in the shady region of his coat-tail, and assures Miss Comstock that the article under discourse will wash like iron and wear for-

I s'pose you throw in the findin's?" "Couldn't at that price."
"Wall, I won't conclude out this

mornin'. "You're proper hard on me, Miss Com-stock, but seein' it's you, I'll hev to-lemme see—card of hooks and eyes— bale of weltin' cord—whalebones—you bale of weltin' cord—whalebones—you take two yards of waist linin'?—spool of thread an' skein of bastin' cotton—takes all my profits, I do declare!"

Miss Deacon laughs and tells him to put it all in the back of the wagin' while she goes in to see "ef that pesky tailor has got the deacon's pants ready to take

Yes; the city girl would smile at this dicker; but just show her a dress pattern with a fan and a parasol to match, and see how soon she exhibits the most violent form of the Comstock complaint.

The most abnormal case of conscientiousness I ever saw or heard of was a woman who came under my eyesight, yesterday, in a dry-goods store. She had a rather pretty face, and was under third the constant of the complex of the constant of the cons store. She had a rather pretty face, and was under thirty; she wore first-rate clothes, though they were somewhat plain, and quite devoid of exaggerations; and she might have passed utterly unobserved in the crowd—except for the astonishing top of her head. On her apex, uncovered by the smallness of her apex, uncovered by the smallness of her stylish bonnet, was a perfectly bald spot about three inches in diameter. Are women, then, ever bald? The reader women, then, ever bald? The reader may never have thought about it, but it is probable, considering the diverse mal-treatment which feminine hair and scalp undergo for fashion's sake, that there are fully as many bald women as there are fully as many bald women as there are men. Look around you in any public gathering, therefore, consider the num-ber of bald men, and take it for granted that at least an equal proportion of the women are bald, to. But you cannot, without private advices, pick out them on sight. In this singular instance, the woman was intensely sensitive of con-science, I was told. Her name was Martha Decrow Robinson, and she is a revi-valist belonging to the Free Methodist denomination. Her doctrine as to perdenomination. Her doctrine as to per-sonal adornment is that a woman may wear as handsome and fashionable gar-ments as her means warrant, but that there must not be the least falsity or de-ception. So she eschews bustles and every other artificiality of outline; and the same rule, vigorously construed, led her to disclose freely the bald spot on her head.

'And if she doesn't get to Heaven after that," said my companion, as we and the others gazed at the astounding exhibit, "then there is no virtue in personal sacr fice." MISS LOOKABOUT.

THE DEVASTATION OF FASHION. Birds and Brutes Threatened with Extermination to Supply Trade.

There seems to be no limit to the devasta tion of fashion, says a writer in Our Cos Home. The process of exterminating birds of gay plumage for the decoration of "loves of bonnets" has gone so far that the scientific world has lifted up both hands in protest: The elephant seems destined to become a curiosity of the past on account of the unsparing greed for ivory, which gives him no chance to perpetuate his species. The Indian government has tried to protect him by stringent season laws, but statutes are almost powerless against human avarice. The croodile bids fair to go, since his hide is wanted by the purse-makers and shoemakers. The will soon be no bird of paradise upon card, and the estrich has only escaped through thirly of private breeders. The quast beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa has become extinct because the appraisant London and New York craved hoose his hide. If only tigent claws had heathionable for bounds as was a brooches, tigens would have become The elephant seems destined to become a